

Original Poetry vol 26



TUNBRIGIALIA;

OR, THE

Tunbridge **MISCELLANY,**

For the YEAR 1722



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TUNBRIGIALIA;

O R, T H E

Tunbridge MISCELLANY,

For the YEAR 1722. *K*

On y^e Ladies of Tunbridge ann. 1722.

*Non deficit alter
Aureus, & simili frondescit Virga metallo.*
Virg.



Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's:
Novemb. 1722.
(Price Six Pence.)

TUNBRIDGE

OR THE

TUNBRIDGE MISCELLANY

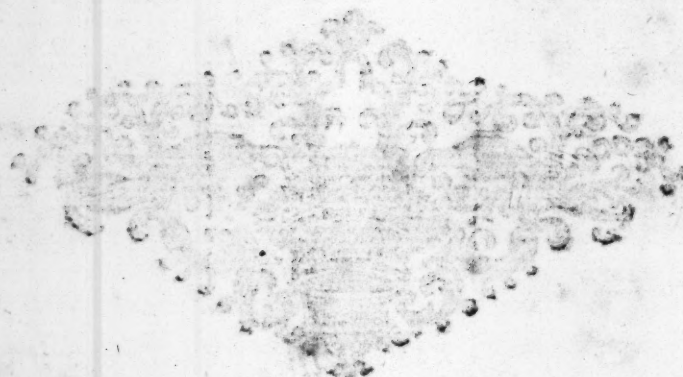
For the Year 1732.

In the Year 1732.



Printed by A. MOORE near St. Pauls.

Viz.



Printed for A. MOORE near St. Pauls.
1732.
(Price Six Pence)



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection, is what I pick'd up amongst my Friends, during my short Stay at Tunbridge-Wells, the last Season; and finding the Bookseller thinks it not proper (or at least is not willing) to publish 'em, (altho' I would have oblig'd him with many of 'em myself) for fear of offending the Ladies; I thought myself oblig'd, altho' late, to send 'em abroad in the World, not
A 2 doubting,

The Preface.

doubting, but that they will meet with a favourable Reception; for I can't think, there can be any Thing offensive in this Collection; far be it from me, to have a Hand in any Thing that wou'd be to the Ladies Displeasure. Perhaps a certain Person may be disgusted, at some few Lines: But be that as it will, I never study'd to obliged any Body but the Ladies; for whom I have a very great Regard.



O N



B --- --- C --- ---.

I.



RIGHT Nymphs o' the Train,
That adorn Tunbridge Plain,
And continue our Season so long;

Beware, e'er too late,

And avoid your sad Fate,

Which depends on B---'s flattering Tongue.

II.

In Country or Town

Is the Monster well known,

For Fineness and Art in Intrigue;

Full

Full many a Maid
 Has she lur'd by her Trade,
 And broke many a Conjugal League.

III.

View the Jutt of her Breech,
 That proclaims her salt Itch,
 Then beware how she hurry's you in;
 Under Notion of Play,
 You'll be all led astray,
 And be caught in her Hay, or her Ginn.

IV.

When the Tea-Pot comes out,
 And her *Nants* flows about,
 Then she Cants, to prepare you the better;
 But her View and Design
 Is to take you all in,
 With, My Dear, O my Dear, here's a Letter!
 This

V.

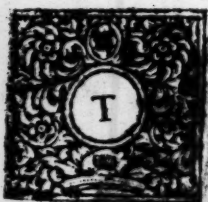
This Game has prevail'd
When Commerce has fail'd,
And put many a Pound in her Coffers;
Then take my Advice,
Be virtuously wise,
Despise the rude Monster, and huff her.





ON THE
Three NYMPHS.

I.



O sing the Beauties of this Place,
Too hard a Task may prove,
If there are Faults, 'tis no Dis-
grace,
They're owing all to Love.

II.

Upon the Walk inhabit three,
In mutual Love they join,
Three Goddesses they seem to be,
Their Beauty's so divine.

A Venus,

III.

A *Venus*, beautiful and fair,
Exact in Air and Mien,
A Carriage sweet, a Temper rare,
In lovely *H—d* seen.

IV.

Cou'd *Juno* be without a Flaw,
From Limner's Pencil be ta'en,
That Glorious Face, Majestick Awe,
Must Centre all in *F—ne*.

V.

For Beauty, and for Wisdom too,
Minerva is adored ;
These Excellencies both are due
Unto the married *H——d*.

B

O N



O N
FLORELLA.



T all the Places of Resort,
At *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*, or at Court;
Or any other Place beside,
Where Beauties reign, or Beaux reside.
Justice must take *Florella's* Part,
And give her Place in ev'ry Heart.
With Innocence, her Beauties shine,
In all her Motions, she's divine;

From

From Affectation free, she speaks,
Whilst Modesty adorns her Cheeks ;
The happiest Painter that e'er drew,
Had he but had her in his View ;
All Pictures yet wou'd have excell'd,
And made a Piece, unparallel'd :
But hold, my Muse, stop thy Carrier,
Ill Consequences may appear.
What by Encomiums thou may'st gain,
May only make *Florella* vain ;
And turn her Lover's Joy to Pain.





O N

Miss *H———d.*

O O plain our conscious Looks reveal,

How much thy powerful Charms we feel.

O *H———d!* Fairest of the Fair,

Thy Beauties too resistless are.

In thee, each perfect Grace we find,

And all that's soft in Womankind.

Nature too much has lavish'd here,

And her redundant Charms appear;

Pro-

Profusely on her Face has laid,
What had a thousand Beauties made.
Too much thy jealous Sex complain
Of thy unequal Power to Pain :
Too much the Men thy Beauty fear ;
Thy Name in every Vow we hear ;
But Heav'n, which gave thee ev'ry Grace,
And all that Loveliness of Face,
Design'd, by that engaging Air,
We all shou'd love, but not despair :
She meant soft Pity for our Aid,
To cure those Wounds thy Eyes have made.





*On a LADY that wou'd
have me write VERSES.*



T must be so, she says the Word,
and I

Unpolish'd and unskill'd, must
versify.

What strange Enchantment this! Soon as she
spoke,

She back'd her Words with a commanding
Look;

Her Eyes attractive with one Look said more,
Than the soft Language of her Lips before,
Her sweet engaging Air gives such Delight,
She makes the Dumb to speak, and Dull to
write.

Then

Then say, fair Lady, since it must be so,
What is my Theme, what shall I write, and
how?

Inspire your Poet, and to make him fit,
Furnish him well from your own Store of
Wit.

Be you my Muse; and make my Fancy flow,
With the same Warmth I feel my Bosom glow.
My Verse sublime shall soar, and you shall
see,

No Subject but yourself too high for me.





O N

L ——— C ———.



OSMELIA's Charms inspire my Lays,
 Who, fair in Nature's Scorn,
 Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
 Like *Glassenbury* Thorn.

II.

Cosmelia, cruel at Threescore,
 As Bards in modern Plays;
 Four Acts of Life past Guiltless o'er,]
 But in the Fifth she flays.

If

If e'er in eager Hopes of Blifs,
Within her Arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the Kiss
Like *Thisbe* thro' a Wall,



C

O N



O N

Mrs. M - - - - l.



THE Bard, who wou'd decribe a Wo-
man well,

Shou'd touch her Beauties, where
they most excel.

A Shew of Skin, or Features finely wrought,
From Common-Place, at Random, may be
brought.

To patch a Character of Shape and Air,
And then impose it on some favourite Fair,

Is

Is easy Work : So Daubers flyly fetch,
From *Raphael's* Store, and form a rival Sketch.
The genuine Limner studies what is fit ;
Not how to glare, but justly how to hit.
'Tis Judgment's Task, the Fancy to controul,
And stamp exact Perfection on the whole.

Whoe'er wou'd picture *M——l's* Mind or
Face,
Shou'd skillful, all her Charms peculiar
trace :
Not draw a *Venus*, and *Minerva* join'd ;
But *M——l's* Self, most innocently Kind,
Agreeably distinguish'd from th' Extreams,
That mark the Sex, with base, or brilliant,
Names.

Like Virtue's Self, she loves a middle State,
 At once secure from a reproachful Fate,
 And usual Dangers, that attend the Great.
 Hence all her Conduct, like herself, is Ease,
 Nor ever fails she, a true Taste to please.





On a very pretty **LADY.**



Y Love, I swear, and by the sacred
Nine,

Miss *T*——'s a Beauty, exquisitely
fine,

And he that denys it, by Heav'n I swear,

By my good Will, should never go there,

For she to us by Heaven was given,

By her to know the Beauties of Heaven.

O N



*On the FIGURES in her
Fan, drawn by a LADY.*



AIN wou'd I sing, but fear to dis-
commend,

The finish'd Piece of her ingenious
Hand,

For when some beauteous Image, she creates
Her beauteous Self, she always imitates;
And whilst her Works our Admiration raise,
She stands confess'd, the Pattern and the
Praise.

Ah!

Ah! cou'd our Souls to different Bodies move
By Transmigration, to her Forms I'd move,
And kiss the Hand, that made me what I love.

Pleas'd with receiving what her Fan receives,
Those lively Features, that her Finger gives.
Tho' Monster made, I shou'd be proud, for
still,

Ev'n ill shap'd Monsters show her wond'rous
Skill.

Such Disproportions temper'd, as you see,
Like discord Sounds, mix'd well, makes
Harmony.



Another



T O

Lady P——l.



H A T tho'a Thousand Charms appear,

In loveliest P——l the Fair;

Tho' she shou'd lend each softer Grace,

And all the Sweetness of her Face.

Tho' *Fane's* destructive Eyes shou'd dart,

Ten Thousand Arrows thro' my Heart;

Shou'd S——e, and M——d, both unite,

To dazzle my o'er-power'd Sight.

Shou'd fair C——n and H——r,

Give up their vast exhaustless Store.

Should

Should *H——d* and *Venus* be her Friend,
And their resistless Beauties lend :
Yet, if the Fair One be not kind,
If Love can't bend her stubborn Mind ;
Her magick Beauties disappear,
And leave me free from Love and Fear,
No more I mind each winning Grace,
Nor all the Wonders of her Face ;
Nor Teeth, nor Shape, nor Air, nor Eyes ;
She's only handsome, who complies.





Another To

Lady P——l.



THE Force of Beauty we perceive,
 And all its fabled Power believe.
 What's sung of *Hellen's* Magick Charms,
 To raise the distant World in Arms;
 For whom Ten Thousand Heroes dy'd,
 And Gods their Brother-Gods defy'd.

What

What *Cleopatra* was, we see,
And trace the lovely Fair in thee,
Nor wonder *Anthony* thou'd fly,
Taught by Almighty Love to dye.
We envy *Actium's* fatal Scene,
The World well lost for *Egypt's* Queen:
But where collected shall we find
Those nobler Beauties o'the Mind?
Unlike those Charms that soon must fade,
And show but faint the lovely Maid.
Where shall we find that winning Ease,
That sure unerring Power to please,
That temper'd Wit, without Offence,
And all that Elegance of Sense?
This Fair to ev'ry Age unknown,
With no such blended Glories shone.

A single Charm did then enslave
 The Wise, the Virtuous, and the Brave;
 Till Nature, firing at the View,
 First lavish'd ev'ry Grace on you;
 Show'd her exact and finish'd Care,
 And made for P—— a Fair.

F I N I S.



